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From the Portland Advertiser.
BROOKS'S LETTERS.
Things in Ireland.

No. XXIII.
DUBLIN, July 7, 1835.

I have taken a leap, you see, since my last, over the Channel;—and here I am with Tully O'Rourke and Patric O'Flanagan, among this eccentric people, with all heart and no head (I speak of the mass), loving liberty more than all other people, and enjoying less of it,—pursuing the substance, and catching the phantom,—daring any thing, and suffering every thing,—with a chivalry that infuriates, but never aids them,—capable of being made the best people on earth, but now almost the worst,—jovial in every thing, begging or burying, (I speak of the wakers,) starving or fat,—fighting for fun as well as for glory,—or as the couplet has it—

"In ruxion delighting,
Loo'ing while fighting".

Indeed I never knew what to make of the Irish, as a people. They do not come under any of the common descriptions of the human race.—They are as widely different from the English or Scotch, as the channel that separates them, with much better materials to make men of, and not yet half so much of men. I don't know here half the time whether I should laugh or mourn; for the very beggars are such wits, and beg so humorously, that though their appearance betokens an extreme of suffering, yet their countenances are so jovial, that one is puzzled to know what to make of them. Half of my time I fancy it is all acting, and that Dublin is a great theatre—for such splendid pictures do you here see of the height of affluence, mingled with the lowest poverty, that you cannot believe this to be real life, that exhibits such gorgeous edifices and trappings here, and such degradation there. It looks like a play,—an odd farce that some ingenious man has got up in a huge theatre to put them in the highest and lowest possible conditions of life, and that here he has grouped them by way of contrast. If I jump out of the way of some nobleman's carriage, I fall, perchance, into a circle of beggars. If I take my eye from the splendid College, or more splendid Bank, it falls upon the rags that hardly cover the nakedness of some miserable beings. Thus is there collected here, all that can delight, and all that can pain the eye.—Pleasure is sadly mingled with pain. There is more splendor, and more poverty collected in one single point here—a view say, from the bridge over the Liffey at the end of Sackville street,—than I have seen any where in England or in Scotland: for here you have a view of the Bank, the Colleges, the Custom House, the magnificent quay, and of every rich livery that passes,—and also of the thick groups of ragged beggars who crowd here to beset every stranger as he goes along!

I must, however, take you back with me to Scotland, from which, if I have leaped, I have leaped very unceremoniously. I did not go to see Bothwell Castle near Glasgow, so famous in Scottish history, at which many will say *Pro pudor!*—but I had not time. If one stops here to see all the interesting old castles, he will stop forever. Nor did I visit the Falls of the Clyde. I have seen enough of British waterfalls, not to be tempted out of my path again. The Scotch lovers of scenery complain bitterly of the manner in which the romance and poetry of the Clyde near Glasgow, have been destroyed by cotton mills, coal pits, &c. &c. In this respect it must resemble much of the wild scenery in New England. A writer here in describing this country about here, exclaims in indignation that "it is in fact *mill-ridden*—fairly subjugated, turned, tormented, *touzed* and *gutted* by the demon of machinery. Steam, he adds, like a pale night hag, kicks and spurs the sides of oppressed nature, and smoke rises on every hand, as if to express the unhappy old dame's vexation and fatigue." There is too much truth in that.

Toward the evening of the 4th, we embarked for Glasgow for Dublin. Steamboats were putting off for all points of the compass.—An iron steamer, I remarked, passed us with great ease, gliding through the water, without making half the disturbance we made, which, I can assure you, was not inconsiderable, as we threw up large waves on both banks of the narrow Clyde. As we went along, I could not help remarking a trait in Irish character. As we came near a little village, I believe it was Kilpatrick, a hundred or more Irishmen who were there at work with their wheel-barrows, began a most tremendous hurraing in honor as I saw of one of their companions who was in our boat bound to Dublin;—and then the fellow himself was so elated by this acclamation of his countrymen, that he leaped and roared like one insane, fired with an enthusiasm which but few

people are infected with in the manner that the Irish are. Every Irishman, in short, seemed to be ordering their companion to do some little errand for him at home. Now no where but with the Irish, would there be such an outbreak for a companion's departure as there is here. These are traits of character which, when well directed, make the Irish the best hearted people in the world.

Rapidly we left the men of Glasgow, (for in common parlance here, men live in Glasgow, talk in Greenock, and bodies in Paisley)—as in Lancashire, where they classify the people of the different towns from gentlemen down to chaps—the difference between which any physiologist will tell you,—and soon after dark we began to feel the pitching of the hateful seas. Our beds or settees were so arranged, by turning the seats into beds, and fixing a frame work above them, that one man slept just above another, with but little to separate them,—and here the heels of one passenger were in the face of another. Now I will leave you to draw your own picture of the condition of human beings shut up in a hot, pestilential cabin,—too cold without to let cold air within, & too hot within, to venture, without, particularly when Neptune, that rascally sea old tyrant, from all severe tribute for venturing to go over his rough domain. However, "blessed be the man that invented sleep." All the ills of life are over when one is asleep. Morpheus took care of me,—and N. put me to sleep in vain. You see I am becoming classical at once.

By the next morning at 9 o'clock, we were entering Carrickfergus Lough, into which the river Lagan, on which Belfast stands, empties itself. The tide was out, and it was with much difficulty that we reached Belfast by noon.—Here we spent the day. Belfast looks very like an American town, and is nearly all of brick. So much does it resemble some of our American towns, that when I saw some American ships in port, the illusion for a while quite amounted in my mind to a reality. Belfast is flourishing, and in it there seems to be much wealth. It did not at all resemble what I supposed an Irish town would resemble—for in it I saw none of that squalid wretchedness that soon became visible in other parts of Ireland. The northern part of Ireland, in which the Protestants have full control, is much more prosperous than the southern part, where the people are saddled by two religions, which quarrel so fiercely together, that either seems to be a curse instead of a blessing—for I am sorry to say, that religion, or rather what is called religion, can be made a curse as well as a blessing, as both catholicism and protestantism are made in many parts of the island—the protestants plundering the poor people under the character of law, and the catholics in revenge destroying property, and refusing to partake of the blessings that an education in a protestant school might give their poor ignorant children. Belfast exhibits all the signs of a flourishing town. The charity-institutions are very numerous. The buildings are good, without being remarkable. Belfast, you know, is celebrated for her lieners.

We debated at Glasgow whether or not we should go to see the celebrated Giant's Causeway, which would have cost us two and two, an out-of-the-way travel of a hundred miles,—but as we had seen the superior specimen at Fingal's cave in Staffa, we concluded to start for Dublin at once, which was distant 104 English miles, and 80 Irish miles, for there are two kinds of miles here, eleven Irish miles making fourteen English miles,—a fact which it is important for an American to understand even in America, when he is reckoning distances with an Irishman there. The morning that we started, there were in the coffee room, a party of twelve Americans without ourselves, three in number,—and in the coach we found three more, bound with us to Dublin. I was delighted with the precision with which we moved. At the very moment appointed, we started. At every stopping place, the time of our arrival was clocked. The guard had in his hand the way bill, and the time, beyond which the coach must not be at certain stopping places all along the road. All was as regular as clock work manage it.

From Belfast to Lisburn, seven Irish miles, the ride was very agreeable. The banks of the Lagan here which we kept, are fertile, and much adorned with elegant residences, hedges, rows, raised foot-paths, woods and copses.—Lillsborough, a pretty town,—with plantations of trees, and cultivated environs next met our attention. Drogheda was the next considerable town, and this is near the river Lagan, with a Cathedral, and a Roman Catholic Chapel.—But it is of no use to put down all the towns I passed, where they are so thick as they are in the old world. About here or soon after, the beggars began to appear, throwing their coats, and begging a penny "for the love of God"—beggars of every age, some with eyes, but without arms, some with legs and arms and eyes,—ragged and filthy,—more wretched structures of mortality than I had ever seen before. "For love of God, give me a sixpence," they would begin, or "give me a penny." I have not had any thing to eat—I don't know how long. If you exhausted your pockets of pennies, more would throng around you, and beg the harder. If you eluded with them the Irish, they would leak out amid all their affliction.—They clung to the coach till the very moment it

started—and thus it was all the way to Dublin, only the further we advanced the thicker the beggars became. Loughbrickland, "the lake of the speckled trout" was passed. I mention this place to say that on this Lough, the Protestants were driven in the great rebellion, and the ice breaking, hundreds sunk to the bottom.—Newry we also passed, said to be the most flourishing place in the country of Down. But as we went on,—on much further than this,—the country began to look much worse, and the people much more miserable. We passed a place, I think it was Lord Clermont's,—a beautiful place on the banks of a beautiful rivulet, near the sides of a lofty hill, and buried in a thickly-clustering wood—and this seat any man might envy the possession of, were it not for the contrast of this beauty with the horrid ugliness—the dreadful poverty all around. Why, this was a paradise,—but the other prospect was a—I cannot find a word to answer my purposes. How can a man live and be happy there! How can he see such sights, and live in such an Eden himself—such muddy huns, such beggary, such human degradation all about him? I do not wonder that the Irish nobility flee their homes, if they are such as this. A man with half a heart could not endure such existence there. There must be something wrong in the man himself, when there is about him such a picture,—though how this is in this particular case, I cannot say.

We passed immense peat bogs on the road, used as fuel, quite the only fuel, at least with the poorer classes. How strange this phenomenon is, of the ancient forests thus ruining the land on which they were,—and I did not think before, that a removal of this peat, and an approach to the ancient soil, was a service to the land! This peat is bought and sold often by the single piece. The poor retail it, as we might be supposed to retail bricks. It is cut, and sold at fairs, or carried to market and hawked about as other things are. We passed Dundalk, which was the bulwark of what was once termed "the English Pole,"—and was surrounded on all sides by strong castles, and castellated mansions of the English Barons. Now it was the Monday of the Fair, and it was so full of people, that though the guard blew fierce blasts from his horn, we could hardly make a way. Drogheda too we passed—a town that Cornwell stormed and took, and near which was "the battle of Boyne."—Ballyrude, famous for cakes, and that is all, is the only name of a town I will write again till I get to Dublin,—but before I get there, I must tell you of its miserable villages on this northern suburbs—all so horrid, and wretchedly poor,—with no walks, no cleanliness,—thrown up of stone or made with stucco, but all so miserably done, as to make you think even the rapidly galloping horses go slow.—The environs of Dublin are unpromising. All is unpromising, all about—and you begin to think that Dublin is not worth the coming to see. With this impression you enter the city,—you reach Sackville street the Broadway of the city,—and all the splendor that you then begin to see, is therefore magnified the more. We travelled the 104 English miles in about eleven hours, over the McAdamized road of course—as good as need be for safety and rapidity—and we were no more fatigued than if we had been sitting in our rooms. So little was the motion that we could have read all the way with ease.

The Nobility in Limbo.

It appears that some of the "distinguished noblemen" who recently arrived in this country on a visit, from Great Britain, have committed a small mistake in the city of New York, as will be seen by the following Police Report from the Times of Thursday morning—

Police Court, Monday. An ignominious termination of a noble spree. The public some weeks since advised, through the press, of the arrival at Boston of a splendid yacht, belonging to the marquis of Waterford, in which the noble owner and others of the British nobility were passengers. The arrival of these distinguished visitors in this city was also duly announced, and the hospitalities of our citizens were not slow in being tendered them. On Saturday the marquis of Waterford, Hon. John Beresford, Lord Rosslyn, and Colonel Dundas, dined with one of our most estimable citizens, and here evidence on leaving, we are informed, of his usual unbounded cheer.

The exhilaration of spirits imbibed by the guests, incited in them predilections for a "spree," and sundry unfortunate wayfarers who haplessly came in the way of their midnight migration homeward, received probably for the first time in their lives, striking testimonials of the force of a nobleman's passion. Passing down Washington street, near Morris, they attacked, unmercifully beat, and nearly denuded, an inoffensive passer-by. Two street lamps, that had the presumption to stand by order of the mayor and corporation, were next assailed and demolished, as was also a neighboring window, which lacking a shutter, exposed its nakedness to their heroic canes, stones and other missiles. About this time a plain republican watchman, named William Carter, found himself suddenly in contract with these noble revellers, and undertook to arrest the progress

of their demolitions, and the chivalrous enactors.

This plebeian interference did not appear to sit well on the noble stomachs of the gentlemen, and they gave token of their dissatisfaction by a copious discharge of hard names, angry outbursts, and peltings with their fists—at the same time putting the offending Charley in the knowledge of who it was he was interfering with. The unsophisticated watchman, had never received any instructions to spare lords and marquises of any kind whom he found trespassing, and giving an alarm rap, two others of the same school came to his assistance; but before they arrived he had not only suffered much in body, but also in mind, by reason of the comparative nakedness to which the fray had reduced him.—When his comrades came, they made a simultaneous charge on the marquis, the lord, the colonel, and the honorable, and compelled them to fly. The latter springing into a boat, converted the oars into bludgeons, and resumed the combat; but the watchmen proved too many for them, and they were conducted, prisoners of war fairly captured, to the watch house.

When the police office opened this morning, four silly looking young fellows, somewhat worse for the night's debauch and encounter, were placed before the bar, and the marquis of Waterford, Lord Beresford, Lord Rosslyn, and Colonel Dundas, of the royal guards, answered to their names. The Magistrate, Justice Hopson, straightway informed them of the offences of which they stood charged, which they in no very mild terms denied, and made some high toned remarks which rather served to put the magistrate on his "reserved rights." He soon made out a commitment for them, and they were escorted to Bridewell by some fifteen or twenty watchmen. Here their ill brooked degradation led them into a squabble with the keeper, in which the noble marquis was floored, as was also one of his companions. Here they remained several hours, but were finally liberated through the interference of his honor the mayor and the British consul, after paying Carter the watchman \$20 for injuries received, and listening to a most cutting rebuke from the magistrate.

From the North River Times. Romantic Adventure.

Married.—In this village on Tuesday evening last, by John Stange, Esq. of Clarkstown, Miss Hester Ann Evans, of Wa den, Orange County, to Mr. Levi Smith, of this town.

The circumstances attending the above marriage, are somewhat singular, but having had a happy termination, and having produced some little amusement in the neighborhood, we have thought best to give them to our readers correctly.

Mr. Smith formerly resided at Walden, and for some length of time paid his addresses to Miss Evans. He was honest and sincere in his attentions, and the wedding day was named.—At this juncture of this affair, some evil disposed person whispered calumny in the ear of Mr. S. against the object of his affections—his jealousy was aroused, and he precipitately left the place. This happened in July, and Miss E. having learnt the cause of his sudden departure, made every inquiry, with the hope of finding, and convincing him of his error; but all to no purpose. Confident that her friend was laboring under a false impression, confident of her ability to convince him of his error, and relying implicitly upon his honor when so convinced, about a week since, she came to the romantic determination of leaving her friends and home, and of searching out his abode, if indeed, he were yet living. The world is called cruel and unkindly—it may be so; but we have yet to learn an instance, where a female ever ventured forth upon a hazardous undertaking but that the world assisted her at every step. So in the present instance, our fair heroine proceeded to Newburgh, where she soon found those who interested themselves in her behalf, and who, on inquiry, ascertained that a Mr. Smith, some since, took passage from that place to New York. She proceeded in the first boat to New York, arrived on the following morning, and entered that immense city a total stranger, to seek, among a population of two hundred and seventy thousand, a single individual, who, in all probability, was unknown to them all. Probability, may, we may say, possibility was against her.—But she carried within her breast a woman's heart, which actuated by the holy fire of love, thought only of success. The very idea of a young, inexperienced, and unprotected female, entering a vast city to search among a heterogeneous population for a fugitive lover, appears incredible, but such is the fact—nor was she unsuccessful.

Countless were the dangers she passed, but surmounting every obstacle, she pursued her inquiry, until, at last, she learned that a person bearing the description of Mr. S. had with a view, probably of more effectually hiding himself from the world, taken passage in a boat for little rocky Rockland. After making every necessary inquiry at that place; she hired a conveyance and came to this village on Tuesday last. Here the romantic and dangerous journey was brought to a close—here she received the reward for all her toil and all her labor. Mr. S.

when he left home came almost directly to this place, and here he had been and was still industriously pursuing his wonted calling.—After some little delay, an interview was had when a mutual explanation and reconciliation took place—"they kissed & were friends again."

In the course of the evening our good friend Justice Stagg put a stop to any further rambling on the part of the truant swain, by tying that knot which death alone can unravel.

In the language of Paine, it may be said of Mr. Smith, that

"Delighted to find her in honor and ease,
He felt no more sorrow nor pain;
And the wind coming fair, he ascended the breeze,
And went back with his 'Hester' again."

From the Philadelphia Vade Mecum.

Blood was found on Sunday morning last, staining the street at the corner of South and Fourth Streets, and leading to a neighboring sewer. All the good people round about were agape. Murder most foul was the general cry, and half a dozen, different stories were soon in circulation; but it being discovered that the grating of the sink would not admit the passage of a cat, the notion of a murder was soon abandoned. The sanguine stains were probably the work of some wicked wag, disposed to get up an excitement. In our time, the same trick has been played off with effect in Philadelphia, in at least two instances. Once in Fifth Street, in front of the Library, and once in Sixth Street between Race and Vine. In the Sixth Street affair, a track of blood led from the door of a house of very equivocal reputation, direct to a common sewer. The door handle was covered with blood, and the print of bloody hands was on the door itself, while bloody footsteps marked the steps. The news flew about like wildfire, and early in the morning a large crowd assembled in front of the house. Some hapless, misguided youth had been slaughtered in the haunts of iniquity; or perhaps some deluded damsel! The Police Officers arrived, and the contents of the house, *Madame* and her flock of ladies, were put in carriages and conveyed to the Mayor's Office, looking frightened enough. The whole matter turned out to be a wild prank, contrived and executed by two or three butcher boys; the bawdy of frail beauty was set at liberty, and the multitude dispersed. The Fifth Street tale of blood was a trick of the same kind, with the addition of a Sheep's eye, found in the midst of the gore, which satisfied the investigators that mince meat had been made of somebody. A few had doubts as to its being a human eye; but after an anatomical caucus over it, placed on the fire pile, in which Tom, Dick and Henry, displayed much sagacity, the peeper of the dead sheep was decided to be some Gentleman's visual optic. A morning was consumed in gazing about; but the matter is yet involved in deep mystery. No one yet knows who killed the undiscovered delinquent, or whether it was the assassin, or his victim, who lost his sheep's eye.—He, who split the blood at the corner of Fourth and South Streets, wanted originality. He should at least have placed a pig's foot, or a calf's ear, in a conspicuous place.

SAM PATCHISM.—A man, named Scott, has lately been jumping and diving from mastheads, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., animated doubtless by the celebrated ale of that place, which is "very potent with such spirits." The thing is stale. Jumping downwards is easy enough. Let the next fellow, who would show that "some things can be done as well as others," jump from the water to the mast head.—16.

Mulberry Turnips.—A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, writing from New England, says sundry of the farmers there have sown mulberry seed, for which they paid the Chinese fifty dollars a pound; and, on its coming up, have found it to produce nothing but turnips! Say no more of the Gasswood pumpkin seeds.—16.

From the American Magazine. Slavery.

The subject of domestic slavery is discussed anew in some parts of the country with a vehement zeal which threatens deeply to agitate, if not to put in jeopardy, the union of the States. By every wise and discreet man, this is a matter of extreme regret and concern. When the Constitution, which is the law of the land, has settled this matter as fully as it could justly interfere, and when the people in the non-slaveholding States have no authority, no business in the affair, what can it avail that appeals are made to the prejudices, and the passions of the people, that inflammatory addresses are delivered to the young and the uninformed, towards curing the evil? It is at best aiming at a doubtful good,—doubtful as to the results and as to a just right to interfere, with a certainty of much evil and suffering; evil and suffering to an extent which it is impossible to foresee.

We all regret the existence of slavery, as inconsistent with republican freedom, and the rights of humanity. We consider it an evil, and would be glad if, in a just, lawful and peaceable way, it might be gradually discontinued and brought to an end. But it is against our principle to use means evidently unjustifiable.

